

BOZART and Contemporary Verse

Combining JAPM and The Oracle

EDITED BY ERNEST HARTSOCK

ASSO. ED. BENJAMIN MUSSER



MARCH-APRIL, 1930

BOX 67, STATION E, ATLANTA, GA.

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By Ernest Hartsock

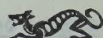
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While the editor was in New York to attend the twentieth annual meeting of the Poetry Society of America, where almost five hundred poets assembled, he made some excursions hither and yon, and discovered at *The Bookman* and at the *New School for Social Research* that something very serious, accompanied by manifestoes and ultimata, was rocking the salubrity of the critical atmosphere (and the salubrity of the critical atmosphere needed no such sedative as rocking). And this something very serious was called, for no too evident reason, *The New Humanism*. And T. S. Eliot was championing it in *The Bookman* and Allen Tate was running it to its lair with the *Hound and Horn*. And everybody was trying to find out what it was all about, which constituted good publicity, and nobody could exactly put a finger on it because it was like the seacoast of Bohemia or a temperamental Mexican jumping bean or the late President Coolidge's campaign announcement. . . . And since then there has been a book in which a number of gentlemen, including Paul Elmer More and Harry Emerson Fosdick and Norman Foerster and other antipodal reformers have straightened the whole matter out with blueprints as appropriately cosmological as Milton's idea of Heaven. . . . And Aristotle has become a Methodist.

Our general impression is that T. S. Eliot in his Hegira from the Waste Land has gone through almost the same Journey of mental retraction which led Cardinal Newman back to the aphrodisiac arms of the Mother Church. And in his Pilgrimage to Canterbury the Pardoner has found company. For one has but to mention a return to spiritual standards and one finds the church and the college shouting academic *Ave*. This much we mention by way of observation, regardless of what may be conceived as the actual merits of the case.

That the philosophic trend should point back to authorized standards and that the scholastic indications should revert toward the humanities is rather a natural consequence of the somewhat anarchistic tendencies of the post-war disillusion. That a larger emphasis upon the development of the individual through the arts rather than through the narrowing specialization of technical and mechanical training should invade our higher educational system, is certainly no vain aspiration. That a new accent upon the development of the personal capacities through the Classics should be instituted in place of the fashioning of young men into go-getters and disillusioned diletantes, we cannot deny. But that the coupling of this with an attempt at returning to doubtful and bedimming romanticism, is not indubitably a progression, we must strongly suspect. It would appear that the *New Humanism* tends to be a very loosely coordinated group of romantic classicists, bent upon refashioning critical philosophy. It would likewise appear that they tend to overestimate the importance of critics and to attribute the vitality of art to the premeditated fashioning of professors. With all

due respect to criticism and with the most profound admiration for its functions, we feel that this is usurping the artist's right.

That our Atheists and radicals of one sort or another are tending to subside at the exquisite uncertainty of life indicates that a need exists for new religious and philosophic evaluation. And admitting the necessity for a new romantic outlook upon the problem of the individual, a creature of free-will, like Setebos, "just choosing so," we yet feel impelled to hope that the new Humanism may be so respectful of the human being's right to choose that it may not impose upon it the arbitrary standards of tradition. . . . If the New Humanism has vitality enough with all of its academic foundations to restore to the individual a new significance in literature and to inspire education with a new conception of the creative discipline of the Liberal Arts, we watch its course with approval. We shall see what we shall see.

—ERNEST HARTSOCK.

Gesture

All day there seemed no purpose in the sky,
And life, it seemed, eventless would go by;
And all day long the huddling waters raced
Through the drear lesson of the treeless waste,
Chidden and wincing at the sneaping North
Which downed the seagull, glad to be gone forth
Anywhere, anywhere from a world that knew
Not even a flicker of wing in starveling blue.
Then suddenly shone a rift of purest ore,
The moment worth a life of waiting for:
Against a west as gold as tiger-moth
The Frisian cattle, black and white or both,
Gathered on high embankments of the Fen,
Waiting the cryings of the droving men;
In softness, fine as silks of far Cathay,
In strength, like Colchian bulls on fire were they.
They stood, as if some mighty hand antique
After the long defeated years and bleak
At last had flung, to outlive centuries,
Its carven bulls, lifting their challenges
From arching necks and haunches iron-thewed
Across a vast Egyptian solitude

—GEOFFREY JOHNSON.

TREE-TOADS

What is it that the dark woods find
To laugh at thus so out of mind?
So devilish and tragic gay
The soul of things seems laid away.

A house and lamplight are fine things
When outside there are laughing kings
Whose crowns are lost and not to be
Found this side eternity.

It is comforting to know
Four walls keep the night out so,
Not a thing of all that pass
Through the woods can go through glass;

Save the soul of this high laughter.
But there will be a time hereafter
When no lamp save moon or star
Will shine upon the things we are.

—ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN.

TO THE CRABBED

Have you bitten a lemon rind
That your teeth are so edgy?
Or are they gritty with the rhubarb's after-taste,
Or the huckleberries' blue astringence?

Here is an apple that your teeth will take,
Like a dory's keel the fine-spun sand;
That your tongue can twiddle
To capture the fragrance;—
An apple curved to your palm,
And lacquered for a Chinese eye.

One need not go puckered and alum-lipped
While apples ripen in the sun.

—FLORA J. ARNSTEIN.

TO A PRIVATELY PRINTED POET

All your store of coppers
Goes to bind a sigh
A dozen friends may borrow
But only a stranger buy.

—CHARLES DIVINE.

GERMAN TEACHER

With feathered hat and velvet crown
She wore a gray alpaca gown
That seemed to petrify her pose.
Of buttons martialled in two rows
We counted twelve. At all her classes
She polished up her steel-rimmed glasses.
We sat like mice and watched with glee
One nostril move perpetually.
Her massive face and agate eyes
Forever fixed in stern surprise
Brought just a hint of German wars
And Frederick's giant-like hussars.
Large bony fingers held the grammar
And should we feebly try to stammer
Our verbs and genders, then she rapped
Our knuckles: we were always trapped.
For articles and conjugations
Were more than rise or fall of nations.

Beneath a manner cold, apart
She hid a sentimental heart;
And when she read a piteous tale
(Her handkerchief of no avail)
The big tears fell upon her book—
And we pretended not to look.

—HELEN SALZ.

TO A FIELD OF WILD MUSTARD

What if they have ploughed you up?
You bloom unabashed
Slanted toward the low hills,
Now your bed is gashed
By the quick efficient plough . . .
There will still be days
Before the harsh spears of corn
Rise against your ease.
And when then they root you up,
And you lie and wilt,
As if all your years were done,
Into sand and silt,
Still you once bloomed straight and proud,
And harrowed, still could stand.
What if they have ploughed you up?
An end is an end.

—CLEMENT WOOD.

SNOW IN APRIL

What is so green as tender grass
That pricks the snow where April was,
Or what so white as the soft snow
Where April was an hour ago?

The fields were folded in a shroud
Whiter than any miniver;
The woods were like a summer cloud,
Softer than wool and lovelier,
Bowed down, piled high with clinging snow:
I entered through a portico.

The birches were like ladies trim,
So graceful every silver tree;
Their silken-bodied boles were slim;
I thought they courtesied to me.
A bevy of them row by row
Steed nodding in the April snow.

Bowed was the elm's once-russet crown,
The hemlock like a slender spire,
Shook a light load of cloud-stuff down
That quenched the maple's splendid fire.
The pines were white and stooped with snow,
Like old and broken men I know.

Low in the border of the wood
A single spruce drew down its hood,
And there were white festoons with drape
Of bitter-sweet and wild grape.

Softly the steeple bushes bent
Over the rabbit like a tent.
Downy looked from his door and then,
Slipping back to bed again
Delayed his daily rub-a-dub
Upon a seasoned hardwood stub.

Home bound under the somber skies
All I could see with my shut eyes
Were graybeard pines bent low, stooped down,
Like bowed and broken men I'd known—
And in a bitter-sweet I heard
The white-throat touch his saddest chord.

—W. W. CHRISTMAN.

TIMMY O'TULLY

She slept in a field with Timmy,
His words were sweet on her cheek—
But he owned nor roof nor settle
And her heart was a little bleak.

She slept in a bed with Patrick,
Patrick he was her lad—
But she thought of Timmy O'Tully,
And the night was a little sad.

She rode in a cart with Patrick.
He brought her a ring for her hand,
And a brassen key for the door—
But she thought of a field, and, and—

A peddler he stopped at their doorstep
To ask where the Pike turned west,
It was many a year, but his eyes
Blew summer across her breast . . .

A house with plenty of thatches
In winter and winter proof.
. . . And once when she slept in a field,
She thought . . . she wanted a roof . . .

—QUEENE B. LISTER.

MARRIED

I know the way he goes and comes
By heart, the maddening tune he hums
At breakfast, how he clears his throat
Before he speaks: he lives by rote,
And rule, and calendar, and clock:
I wince when I detect the lock
Turn with his key at night, for then
My prison door swings shut again:
I study how to irritate him—
God in heaven! How I hate him!

—WILFRED J. FUNK.

ONE OF THE MANY

Heedless of thrones that fall and worlds that die,
He never scans dim star-clouds, asking Why.
Deep in a shuttered house alone he dwells,
And reads the cosmos in a giant "I."

—STANTON A. COBLENTZ.

GRUBBER'S DAY

Morning came up as other mornings came:
A paling star above his wood-lot hill—
A score of lean swine clamoring for swill:
His woman there to start the cook-stove's flame.

He lit his lantern and its rays were dim:
The sting was in his loins for night had kept
Him grubbing in his dreams while he had slept—
Stiffness and furrow-ache were kin to him.

The draught-horse in the stall gave out a neigh—
Sensing the man's approach . . . a brother beast
Yet happier with his proffered morning feast
Than he who filled the manger full of hay.

The milch-cows in their stanchions saw him quaff
A dram of harsh new brandy from a tin:
They lowed and grudged their master this small sin
And nuzzled in the fodder-rack for chaff.

After the bleating ewes and lambs were fed
He threaded up the path . . . the kitchen smells
Were like the subtle things which lead to hells
By promising a respite on ahead.

Across the table sat the shrunken husk
Which mated with his body and his soil
And took, like him, a few crusts for her toil,
Plodding her kitchen-rounds from dawn to dusk.

After the scalding morning sun was hung
He curved his calloused palms about a rein
And plodded down a slope; then back again
With groans and muttered curses on his tongue.

Even the hawk and rabbit left his fields;
Only the turkey vulture kept the sky:
The mouse and bug forsook his plot of rye,
Searching for fertile loam with better yields.

No hint of wild rose on his rutted slope—
No stray flint arrowhead upon the land;
No spikenard for the blister on his hand
And not a lark to sound a note of hope.

When shadows on the hillside pointed noon
His horses turned their hoofs . . . he trailed
behind;

Then at his frugal board again to find
The same plate with his cup and battered spoon.

Returning to his square of land once more
He found the sun had strengthened and the dust
Came in his face with every passing gust—
He found the corn rows longer than before.

The only sound the afternoon could give
Was croaking from the crows which stole his seed:
He wondered if the birds had known his need
Leaving in pity some that he might live.

Dusk was the same as morning; then his frame
Found half oblivion, the gift of night:
One day; a tiny fragment of a fight
With hill-clay always victor in the game.

—JAY G. SIGMUND.

PRIMER

To see young goats and lambkins skip
Is better than an Alpine trip,

And who has watched the old sheep graze
Understands quiet all his days.

A fine buck rabbit beside his hutch
Surpasses moidores in the clutch.

The blackbird pecking at hips and haws
Preciser is than gospel saws.

Still contemplation of the cat
Reveals what sphinxes would be at.

A duck comes more neatly over the water
Than the bulrush ark unto Pharaoh's daughter.

Had Eve grasped all of a snake's advice
We might yet be tenants of Paradise.

—HARRIETT BROWNELL.



BRIEF ABANDON

This is a day for daisies. Let us go
Like swallows down the highways of the air,
And we shall find the daisies like a snow
Suspended on the hills of everywhere.

Give me your hand. Thru woodlands dark and
sweet
We shall thread April's pattern like a feather,
With wanton hearts and summer-haunted feet.
Do not delay. We are not long together.

And days of brief abandon will not come
When we are under ground. So let us yield
To blood that battles in us like a drum,
And find the breast of beauty in a field.

There will be days for tears and dust hereafter:
This is a day for daisies and for laughter!

—ERNEST HARTSOCK.



Brief Abandon

By Herbert Daugherty

AN ILLUSTRATION FOR UNISON, READY IN APRIL

A POETASTER CLEANS HOUSE

Resolved to see what I would find,
I swept the corners of my mind,

Each shelf and cupboard I laid bare,
And oh, such tawdry things were there!

Some pretty thoughts, and next to these
Some faded, washed out ecstasies;

Some cherished words, so sticky sweet
They ran together on a sheet;

Some metaphors worn at the heel;
Some lines with points too dull to feel;

Some streaked and dingy violets
I'd fashioned into triplets;

Some paper roses I had made
And tinted every lyric shade;

(Oh but I do regret the hours
I've spent on artificial flowers!) --

I could not have such things about,
I swept them up and threw them out.

And opened all my windows wide
To breathe the fresher air outside.

And now I lean upon my broom,—
I like a clean and empty room.

—JULIA JOHNSON DAVIS.

ASSISI AT DAWN

Italian blue-bells, bending as I pass,
Chime secretly

In small cathedrals of the grass,
Calling the butterfly, the bee
To early Mass

Upon the April Umbrian plain,
With bread of pollen and with wine of rain.

—AGNES KENDRICK GRAY.

FISH BOWL

This is a world of strange imprisonment.

Limpidly, water caught in crystal walls
Locks in its heart a castle slim and quaint,
And seaweed droops in soft green tentacles,
Outlined in delicate bubbles. On the floor
Of nacre, coral, and bright glistening stones,
The sea is echoed in a miniature

That never saw the sea or its lagoons.
And in this world the solemn fishes swim,
Silver and gold, on their unending course,
Rippling the fan-like tails that shadow them
Forever as they circle and reverse,
And push against the glass with lidless eyes,
Staring at space in wondering, dumb surprise.

—ARTHUR H. NETHERCOT.

GRASS

Set a fence
Round about—
Grass steals in
Or creeps out.

Not content
With here and there
Ventures on
To anywhere.

Past "No Trespass" sign
And warden
Into churchyard
Field and garden.

Thinks disseminating
Beauty
Synchronous
With doing duty.

Thinks desire
Excuse to pass
And prerogative
Of grass.

—ETHEL ROMIG FULLER.



PASTURE ON PARNASSUS

By ERNEST HARTSOCK



Selected Poems, by William Alexander Percy (Yale Univ. Press, \$3.00).

Frightened, as it were, by the traffic of metropolitan progress, Mr. Percy has secluded himself in the cloister of the thirteenth century, seeing the boisterous clamor of modernity pass, and sighing. That the tendency toward the lapidary in phrase has influenced his later poems, however, might serve to indicate that he is not oblivious to the change of the mood of generations. Such a poem as the recent "Medusa," far more condensed and less academic than some of the more artificial though dignified earlier poems on Greek subjects, is colorful and experimental. . . . There is in the composite philosophy of the poems as a whole, a fine and repressed sadness somehow seeming to derive its quiet intensity from vital personal emotion thwarted by the adamant shackles of convention and reality. One has often a pronounced individual reaction to the bewildered spiritual cry of "Brother," a cry out of loneliness and frustration, a cry of one who knows his Grail will be but a Stirrup Cup.

Anthology of Georgia Verse (Poetry Society of Georgia, Savannah, Ga., \$2.00).

Although the collecting of sectional verse is not in the main an inspiring undertaking, the selection by a committee from the Poetry Society of Georgia of the outstanding poems written by its members has produced a book with a number of craftsmanly efforts, mainly in the lyric tradition. There is nothing peculiarly Georgian about the majority of the poems, however; and there is in some places an overdose of the romantic. Among the really good poems included are Conrad Aiken's "Quarrel"; Elfrida de Renne Barrow's "Garden's End," Agnes Kendrick Gray's "Battlefields of Gettysburg," Anderson Scruggs' "Glory to Them," Katherine Strong's "The Hill," Daniel Whitehead Hicky's "To An Aviator," and Henry Bellamann's "The Bush." Laura Palmer Bell and Nina Hansell MacDonald also make interesting contributions. There is a noticeable tendency in many of the poems, even those by the better-known writers, toward loosely worded ecstasy regarding stars and the sea.

Letters to Women, by Joseph Auslander (Harper & Bros., New York).

At least two memorable portraits are achieved in these vigorous lines about famous women—the delineations of Emily Dickinson, and of Amy Lowell. In each instance Auslander has entered into his sub-

ject with intricate insight, and has produced at once a study and a poem of expressive power. There are lines of great beauty in the epistle to Elinor Wylie; but here the danger of temporal proximity has prevented more than a cursory estimate. . . . Perhaps the most striking characteristic of the performance as a whole is the versatility with which the poet has turned from writing acerbic satire to engraving dazzling lyrical couplets. The epilog, with its apologetic and slangy comedy and its contorted rhymes, is an act of grotesque supererogation.

The Poet in the Desert, by Chas. Erskine Scott Wood (Vanguard Press, New York, \$2.00).

From his philosophic observatory in a far place, Mr. Wood with the manner of Walt Whitman shouts an oracular discourse belaboring civilization and Americanism. It is a performance such as one would have expected from a Soviet John the Baptist—but it is not lacking in plunging rush of prophetic earnestness, and it is not without virility and a certain solemnity. There are digressions and attitudes in places, but the book cannot be read without the consciousness of its sacerdotal inception.

The Wind in the Cedars, by Glenn Ward Dresbach (Henry Holt & Co., New York, \$2.00).

The forthright sincerity and appreciation of Dresbach when he describes nature has been and continues to be his salient claim to recognition. When he turns his talent to a hawk wounded by boys, or to bloodroot or to some topic redolent of the primitive, he accomplishes without bombast a clear and imaginative pictorial representation. Unfortunately, at times his tendency toward profusion leads him into diffusion, and such a trivial bit as "In the Market Place" or certain of the "Songs" seem rather too diluted. The same suggestion of too frequent composition is indicated in such epithets as "fleecy clouds" from *A Mountain Lake*, and in such a rhyme as "survives" with "revives" from a prize-winning *Moonlight Sonata*. That at his best Dresbach can produce rich, flavorful phrasing aromatic of earth and harvest, as in his poems about "Cider," makes us perhaps more impatient with him for writing loosely and too easily. . . . Dresbach's blank verse has never been convincing to this reviewer; and his "A Trace of Gold," ending in an almost sentimental fadeout, lacks the colloquial distinction imperative in such a rustic setting. In the main, Dresbach has the virtue of writing about a material with which he is sympathetically familiar, and of writing about it in candor and in rather musical cadences.

Huckleberries, by Antoinette Scudder (Dorrance & Co. Philadelphia, \$1.75).

These stories, interesting in plot, relate in somewhat rambling *vers libre* fanciful events concerning odd characters in a village. There are touches of intensive description, but the general quality of the verse is suggestive of gossip, concerned with actual persons, but *sotto voce*.

Selected Poems, by Conrad Aiken (Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York, \$3.50).

The fact that Conrad Aiken writes in much the same mood as that of the impressionistic improvisateur whose extemporisations are not disjointed impromptus but modulated harmonics, lends to his work two features: emotional directness of image and a corresponding lack of heroic proportions. He is apparently never at a loss for a connotative image, and in numerous grottoes of his slightly fantastic garden one finds porcelain figurines, capricious Puck and importunate Priapus, two attitudes which are indelibly the author. . . . In a manner beyond forgetting, one reads in Aiken the highest accomplishment of *Imagism*. He possesses emotional clarity and imaginative integrity; but he lacks the accent of terrific import. He tells a story with grace and charm; but his significance seems historical, and his limitations are those of a group whose passion for distinct introspective enunciation overshadowed their concern for the drama of brawn and bone.

Half-Light and Overtones, by Henri Faust (Yale Univ. Press, New Haven, \$1.25).

This is a dark April for a young poet's mind, the bow of one who plays Pierrot as if the part were Israfel. Groping within the mist of consciousness for tangible refutation of doubt, Faust finds again and again beauty beset by Puritans. . . . His diction is artful and sometimes experimental but tends to become a trifle repetitious. He is, oddly enough, content to permit such rhyme-pairs as "light" and "delight," "flounderings" and "gesturings," "ones" and "sun," "contact" and "lack," which cannot even be excused as reasonable assonances. And "death" rhymes with "breath" until one is fairly anaesthetized. . . . It is too bad, for there are occasional lines of melodious distinction.

BOOTLEGGER

What will come of that fancy load
And eighty plus on a slippery road?
A woman's kiss or a trial docket?
A rose in his hand or a grand in his pocket?
Yawning ditch or hijacker's lead?
Will he be rich or — dead?

—MINNIE HITE MOODY.

Two month's gossip at one gulp makes news a bit stale. However, many thanks for Christmas booklets from Tessa Sweezy Webb, Marie Tello Phillips and Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni, a dozen Texas grapefruit from A. Virginia Spates and a dozen jars of jams and preserves from Lexie Dean Robertson, a huge bag of peanuts from Elliott Driver Jordan, framed sonnets from Murray Marshall and Margaret E. Bruner, and cards or telegrams from many poets.

Clement Wood and Gloria Goddard, who came to see me in January, have bought Bozenkill Farm, 250 acres, including a lake and a 100-foot waterfall, at Delanson, N. Y. Guests must swim minus figleaves.—Kathleen Millay, now on the Riviera with her husband Howard Young, wrote me from Paris of her thrill at finding her poems on sale on the Quai Voltaire.—Marion Perham Gale (49 Yale St., Winchester, Mass.) is compiling and Henry Harrison will publish *The Bay State Book of Verse*, and \$10 for 7 copies must accompany Mss.—Mrs. M. T. Johnston, Easton, Md., is compiling an anthology.—The Writers Club, Columbia Univ., N. Y. C., is publishing its anthology, *Copy 1930*.—W. H. Hohmann, Bethel College, Newton, Kansas, has set to music C. V. poems by Wm. Allen Ward, Louise Owen and Henri DeWitt Saylor.—Edith Mirick of the great heart has been valiantly sending form letters and personal appeals to poetry lovers, to rescue the friend of all of us, Wm. Stanley Braithwaite, from financial disaster. This is our big opportunity to show our appreciation of the work of 17 years by the most celebrated of all anthologists. Send him your check, however small: 243 Park Ave., Arlington Heights, Mass.—William Albert Broder, of *The Oracle*, and Mrs. Broder spent a few days with me and carried off my 3-year-old daughter for a New York orgy.—I recommend with enthusiasm *Pan and the Fire-Bird*, a book of exquisite poetic short stories mostly in the Greek manner, by the young genius Sam M. Steward, to be published in March by Henry Harrison, 19 Stuyvesant St., N. Y. C., \$1.75 the copy.—Glenn Ward Dresbach won the \$100 offered for the best poem in *The Step Ladder* during 1929. Louis Ginsberg won *Stratford Magazine's* latest \$100 award. *Christian Herald*, 419 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C., offers \$200 for the best original hymn commemorating the 1900th anniversary of the Day of Pentecost; contest closes March 31.

New verse magazines have been hatched: there's B. C. Hagglund's *Western Poetry*, Holt, Minn., a four-page monthly at 10c, one dollar a year; Irene Boysel and Oliver Stansby edit *Poets' Corner*, a monthly (25c, \$3), at 1032 N. LaSalle St., Chicago and have organized as adjunct the Poets' Corner Literary Club; at 405 W. Main St., Edmond, Oklahoma, Pearl Harris Heffner is editing a monthly called *Twilight Magazine* (25c, \$3); Alan Frederick Pater, not slain by the work of one magazine (*Poetry Quarterly*) is also launching *The Poet*, a monthly (25c, \$3), at 920 Avenue St. John, N. Y. City.—*Janus* had financial difficulties after its first issue. Too bad; excellent magazine of its

kind.—Harriet Monroe refers to *Bozart* as a "small" poetry review. She would. Next to her own mag, it has the longest subscription list in this country.—Frances Frost has a good article in March *Driftwind* (North Montpelier, Vt.), and the editor has a sonnet in which he chastises me for not adoring the late Mr. H. W. Longfellow—*Morada* No. 2 was a Harry Crosby memorial.

On Jan. 16 Lew Ney opened his type shop book shop, '16 E. 15th St., N. Y. City, and held *Blues* night in honor of Chas. Henri Ford, who has removed to Manhattan from Mississippi. Unfortunately Henri, editor of an ultra-radical magazine, is himself so shy he could not be coaxed to speak or even bow to the audience; but Parker Tyler read melodiously and Christopher Lazar chanted and Paul Bowles whispered and the Salvation Army was represented and Lew had a fist fight with somebody's husband and then we adjourned to watch the sun rise. Lew operates the publication of six magazines, *Blues* and *Parnassus* and *Bohemia* and *Saturday Night* and *The Vagabond Mag* and *Youth*.—Sam Steward made his very first visit to New York and the greater thrill was mine in showing him around. We Fifth Avenue bussed, we cocktailed in Park Avenue and Jewish wined in Stuyvesant Street, we Roxied, we read at Grub Street Club and we made New Year whoopee at Parker Tyler's apartment; Idella Purnell lunched with us one day and Harold Vinal the next.—If, at his urgent request, because he longs to be near me(!), I can land him an Atlantic City job, Billy Sawyer of Tennessee will be a Jerseyite from March 15 to Sept. 15.

On Jan. 21, when I read in Boston, Mr. Braithwaite called while I was singin' in the bathtub; Richard Johns of *Pagany* and Ada Borden Stevens of *The Step Ladder* dined with me; among others in my audience that evening were C. A. A. Parker of *L'Alouette* (he has made me the magnificent gift of several early and rare volumes of *Contemporary Verse*), Kenneth Porter, Le Baron Cooke. Next day, when I read in Newport, R. I., I was luncheon guest of Gertrude Huntington McGiffert and house guest of Mrs. Stevens.—Your editor made me a brief but happy visit when he came north to be a speaker and honor guest at the annual dinner of the Poetry Soc. of America. Marco Carson, also of Georgia, dropped in with a friend to greet Ernest and inspect my cellar; Marco has a book of verse about to appear. On Jan. 30 Mr. Hartsock, Edith Mirick, John Lee Higgins and Joseph Upper read in Washington, with Solon R. Barber of *Janus* presiding and a blizzard making the congregation cozily small but appreciative. Mr. Hartsock also lectured in Alabama Colleges in February, and in Savannah, at the birthday meeting of the Poetry Society of Georgia.

At 93 Franklin St., Albany, N. Y., Stanley Altman has organized "Pioneers," a club for the "intellectually marooned" the world over; it includes a monthly club magazine, a lending library and other advantages; membership \$2 a year.—Juanyta Clivette conducts a "Soul Song Salon" (shade of Swinburne!) the second and fourth Saturdays of each month, at the Clivette Studios, 92 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City.

Juanyta admits she is the reincarnation of Sappho.—Anton Romatka's Poetry Forum continues, every Tuesday evening, at Labor Temple, 242 E. 14th St., N. Y. C. And every Monday Anton is ringmaster at Lew Ney's "Poetry Palace Bohemia," 16 E. 15th.—Recent additions to my Rogues' Gallery include photographs from Francis Flagg (George Weiss) and Russell Meriwether Hughes.—Three cheers for Dr. Edwin Greenlaw, of Johns Hopkins, who had the courage to tell a large audience about "the superiority of poetry over such things as naval parleys and peace pacts." As T. A. Daly says in comment, "Even if we can't go quite as far as he does in naming the reasons for such superiority, it's good to hear such things said."

—ATTICUS MUS.

OF BRIAN BORU

When Brian Boru to Clontarf came
A mighty oath he swore;
His eyes were of the hue of flame
Though he was gray and hoar.

An ancient man was Brian Boru
Yet every inch a king;
From out its sheath his blade he drew
And vowed a valiant thing.

"Now I will purge the land," he said,
"Of all these throttling Danes
Though every Wicklow stream run red
With their dissevered veins!"

Right lustly he slashed and slew,
Right merrily hacked he,
But in the press Brain Boru
Went down like an oak tree.

In Armagh church he was enshrined
Who broke the Danish spears,
And there in peace he has reclined
These crumbling thousand years.

And yet there's many an Irish wight
Who feels his heart thrill through,
Hearing wild ghost-cries down the night
Shrill out—"Brian Boru!"

—CLINTON SCOLLARD.

CONSOLIDATION!

Ernest Hartsock, the Bozart Press, announces that beginning with the current issue, BOZART AND CONTEMPORARY VERSE has acquired the files and title of THE ORACLE, New York City, and will include this publication in BOZART AND CONTEMPORARY VERSE. Mr. Hartsock has also acquired the stocks and business of Wm. Albert Broder, publisher, and of Dean and Company, New York publishers.

CONTRIBUTORS

Among new contributors in this number, are several established poets, one of whom, Geoffrey Johnson of England is a contributor to *Harper's*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *Yale Review*, and others. Robert P. Tristram Coffin, well-known illustrator, author of *The Golden Falcon* (Macmillan), resides at Cayuga-on-Hudson, New York. Helen Salz is a San Franciscan. Ethel Romig Fuller and Queene B. Lister both reside in Portland, Oregon. W. W. Christman writes that he is a farmer and lives in Delanson, N. Y. We have recently discovered that Wilfred J. Funk is the publisher of the *Literary Digest*. Harriett Brownell's home is in Saratoga Springs, N. Y. Arthur H. Nethercot, Professor of English at Northwestern, lives in Chicago. Clinton Scollard, veteran poet, with his wife, Jessie Rittenhouse, conducts a verse-writing course at Rollins College, Winter Park, Fla. Minnie Hite Moody is a new Atlanta poet whose debut we sponsor. . . . By the way, the publisher of BOZART AND CONTEMPORARY VERSE desires to secure copies of the January-February number and will pay 40c each for all unmutilated copies sent before April first.

FIRST \$25 BI-MONTHLY AWARD

The first \$25 Bi-Monthly Award is herewith divided \$12.50 to Jay G. Sigmund for GRUBBER'S DAY, and \$12.50 to Helen Salz for GERMAN TEACHER. The editor of the magazine is sole judge of this contest.